HEROES OF THE BATTLE ROAD

1775

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From a photo dating from the 1890's owned by Miss Fitch and Miss Poor

THE HOME OF SAMUEL AND MARY HARTWELL

Now called the Hartwell Farm and owned by Miss Marion Fitch and Miss Jane Poor.

HEROES
OF THE
BATTLE ROAD

A Narrative of

Events in LINCOLN on the 18TH and 19TH of April, 1775, wherein are set forth the Capture of PAUL REVERE, Escape of SAMUEL PRESCOTT, Heroism of MARY HARTWELL and other stirring incidents

By FRANK WILSON CHENEY HERSEY

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Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey

The cover design was drawn from the statue of Paul Revere made by Cyrus E. Dallin for the City of Boston. This statue, which has not yet been erected, shows Revere as he appeared on the night of April 18, 1775, in the act of warning the countryside of the advance of the British. The ornament on the title-page represents the old Hartwell Tavern sign, an exact reproduction of which appears at the end of the Foreword.

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FOREWORD

AT THE FIRESIDE

THE events pictured in this book took place on three miles of the Battle Road in Lincoln, between Lexington and Concord. This short section of highway was the scene of dramatic episodes on the night of the Eighteenth of April, and of severe fighting on the afternoon of the Nineteenth. Here ended Paul Revere's famous ride. Here Dr. Samuel Prescott escaped and bore the alarm to Concord. Here the first blood of the Revolution was drawn when Josiah Nelson was wounded. Here Mary Hartwell carried the alarm in the night to the Captain of the Minute Men.

During the many years of my boyhood which I spent in Lincoln, my interest in history was nurtured by my mother, with whom I went on various historical pilgrimages. One summer day we drove over this road with Deacon Jonas Hartwell, who told us the story which his grandmother had told him—how she roused the Captain, how she watched the King's troops march past, how she followed the slain British soldiers to the grave as "first mourner." I zealously wrote down the account as we went along and sketched a map to identify every spot. The story was repeated to me by another grandson, Samuel Hartwell, Selectman of Lincoln for a quarter of a century. From the Nelson family, still living on the old farm, I learned the facts about Josiah Nelson. At the Farrar homestead I saw the Bible which the wife of Lieutenant Samuel Farrar had carried to safety on that fateful morning.

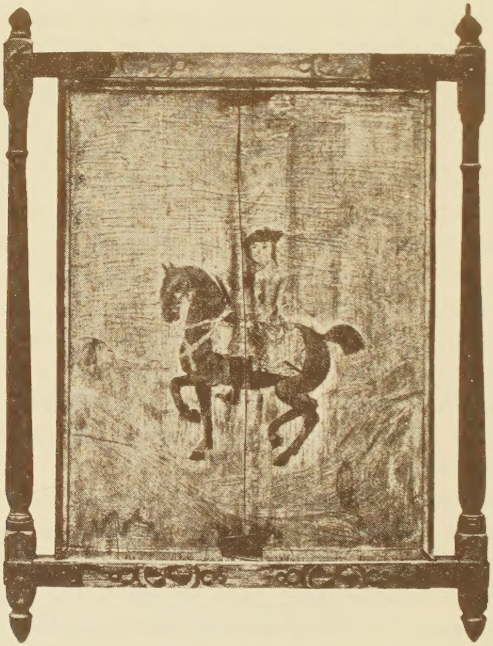
When I graduated from the Lincoln High School and spoke in the Town Hall, with boyish enthusiasm I urged that tablets should be erected on historic sites: "If we hold the memory of that night dear, there should be a monumental stone to mark the place where Paul Revere was captured." The following year a public-spirited citizen, Lorenzo E. Brooks, inserted an article dealing with this subject in the warrant for the Town Meeting. After discussion lasting a few years, the Town erected in 1899 the fine memorial tablet which tells the story in enduring bronze.

The present narrative is based not only on the traditions which have come down so intimately and directly, but on the depositions made by actors in these exciting adventures. Paul Revere's two accounts supply vivid details of action and dialogue. And the story told by Amos Baker is as stirring as a trumpet.

Where are all the muskets and powder horns of the Lincoln Minute Men? It is to be hoped that the citizens of Lincoln will record the ownership of these Revolutionary relics and form a collection at the Public Library or the Town Hall.

I take pleasure in expressing my thanks to Miss Marion Fitch and Miss Jane Poor, the present owners of the "Hartwell Farm," for their courtesy in lending certain photographs; and to Edward Hartwell Rogers, Esq., and Walter Newton Nelson, Esq., for their kindness in giving valuable information.

F. W. C. H.



Photographed by permission of Edwin B. Worthen, President

SIGN OF THE HARTWELL TAVERN

Now in the possession of the Lexington Historical Society, Hancock-Clarke House.

History comes down to us in many ways, among which are recorded information substantiated by documentation, journals, letters and other written accounts of observers of the events of the past and through stories handed down by word of mouth.

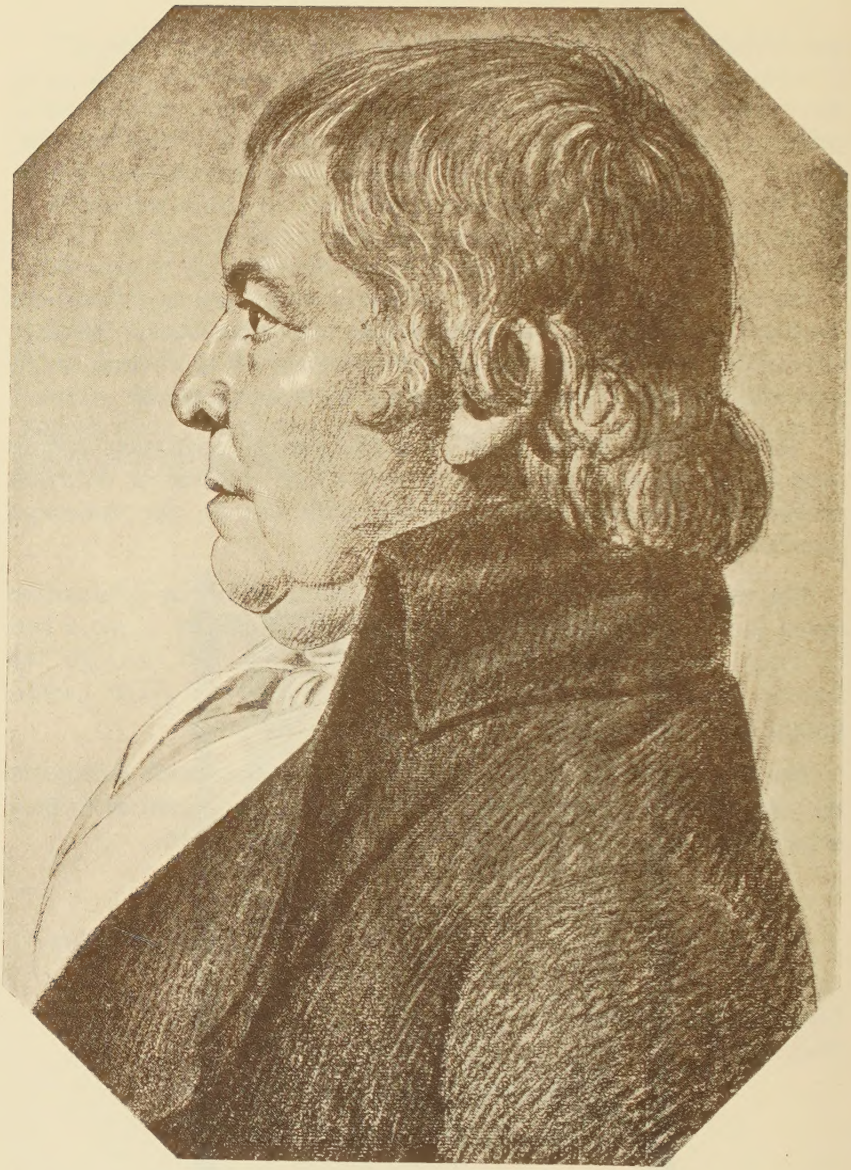
"Heroes of the Battle Road" is a tale woven from these various strands. It recreates the fateful events which resulted in the blow struck for American freedom and which led to the American Revolution.

The reader should keep in mind that while all of the information given in the book is not documented, its authenticity is more real in many ways because the accounts handed down through the Lincoln families of Hartwell and Nelson stem from direct participation in these events by members of those families.

The Lincoln Historical Society in re-printing this book recognizes the unique work that it is, and believes that it will continue to be a source of education and inspiration to all who read it.

ROBERT FILBIN
President, Lincoln Historical Society

Lincoln, Massachusetts
May, 1966



Kindness of Miss Priscilla Riddle

PAUL REVERE

The original crayon portrait from which this reproduction was made was drawn by the celebrated French artist, Fevret de Saint Mémin, in 1800, when Revere was sixty-five years of age.

HEROES
OF THE BATTLE ROAD

NIGHT

HOOF-BEATS rang out in the quiet night as nine horsemen, cloaked and booted, cantered up the old Bay Road which ran from Lexington through the northern part of Lincoln. The cockades on their three-cornered hats, the dark blue military cloaks, the swords and holsters which showed when the cloaks were blown aside, marked these horsemen as British officers. They had dined at a tavern in Cambridge, and, as dusk came on, instead of returning to Boston, had set out into the country. They were patrolling the road to make sure that no messenger should reach Concord bearing news of the secret midnight expedition which General Gage was sending to that town to destroy the military stores of the provincials. Little they dreamed that they were the heralds of a pageant of arms which on the morrow should make this road famous as the Battle Road of the Revolution.

It was Tuesday evening, the eighteenth of April, 1775. The winter just past had been extraordinarily mild, and the spring was early. Robins had come in February. The fruit trees were now in bloom, winter grain was several inches out of ground, and the countryside was tinted with the pale green of young foliage. Under the bright moon which was rising, the orchards were powdered with apple blossoms. The silver band of road wound between fields and pastures and plunged into the shadow of wooded

hills. The April breeze had died down at sunset; and the dust which rose in the daytime from market wagons and post-horses now lay undisturbed until the nine horsemen set it whirling again. Three taverns stood on this highway within a distance of three miles—the Bull Tavern a little to the east of the Lexington-Lincoln line; the Hartwell Tavern on a detour which circled northward round the breast of a hill; and the Brooks Tavern, nearly a mile further west on the boundary of Lincoln and Concord. Each had good trade for a Middlesex tavern in Province days; for this highway, which climbed the Lincoln hills from the undulating fields of Lexington and sloped down to the Concord meadows, was the old Bay Road between Boston and Concord and towns to the west.

On the southerly side of the way a small lily-pond reflected the full moon in its muddy water. It was called Folly Pond, and this is its legend. Behind the ridge directly across the road, a sharp declivity leads to a thick swamp, the Well Head, which is the source of the Shawshine River. A man named Reed, who owned this land, conceived the plan of draining the pond by cutting a passage through the ridge to the swamp. He began the work of excavation, the marks of which still remain. The wiseacres of Lincoln called the project "Reed's Folly," and soon the lily-bog was known as Folly Pond.

As the British officers saw this wide landscape lying serene under the bright moonlight, did some of them perhaps think wistfully of the hedgerows of Old England and the thatched eaves and the yellow gorse on the downs?

At the point where the road curved northward, they passed the farmhouse of Captain William Smith of the Lincoln Minute Men. This stood (and still stands) on a knoll several rods to the right of the road, sheltered by a tall elm. They now slowed down to a walk. Some distance farther west they came to the first of the two Hartwell houses. This was the home of Samuel Hartwell, who was a sergeant in the company of Minute Men. It is now known as the Hartwell Farm. The second was the Hartwell Tavern, kept by Ephraim Hartwell, Samuel's father.

It was about half-past eight or nine o'clock when the officers filed by the house of Samuel Hartwell. Sukey, the slave girl, was

From a photo taken in the 1890's

THE HARTWELL TAVERN

The home of Ephraim Hartwell, 1707–93. The gambrel-roofed structure is the earlier part, dating from the seventeenth century.

gathering chips in the dooryard as kindlings for the morning. Seeing a train of persons on horseback two abreast, all wrapped in long cloaks, she rushed into the house and cried, "Oh, Mistress Hartwell, there's a funeral going by!" They both went to the window and watched the mysterious cavalcade pass out of sight. After riding a mile or two farther toward Concord, the officers countermarched.

Meanwhile, many anxious hearts were beating in Lexington. At the parsonage there were staying, as guests of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Mrs. Thomas Hancock, John Hancock's aunt, and Dorothy Quincy, his fiancée. This house had been built by Hancock's grandfather, the Rev. John Hancock (hence its present name, the Hancock-Clarke House), and here the young John had spent several years of his boyhood. Furthermore, Mrs. Clarke was John's first cousin, being the grand-

THE BROOKS TAVERN

From 1857 to 1906 the residence of Samuel Hartwell V., Selectman and Treasurer of Lincoln.

daughter of the Rev. John Hancock. Hancock and Adams had learned that they were in danger of being arrested and sent to England to be tried for treason, and on the adjournment, April 15th, of the Provincial Congress at Concord, which both had attended, it was to this ancestral home that they came as a place of refuge. They feared that even here the Royal Governor, General Gage, would attempt their capture.

At sunset on this eighteenth of April, a young Lexington man, Solomon Brown, who had been to market in Boston, arrived with the news that he had passed the patrol of British officers on the road, "travelling leisurely, sometimes before and sometimes behind him; that he had discovered, by the occasional blowing aside of their top-coats, that they were armed."* At about the same

*Deposition of Sergeant William Munroe (1825) in Elias Phinney's *History of the Battle of Lexington.* Boston: 1825.

time an express galloped up with a written message to Hancock from the Committee of Safety sitting at the Black Horse Tavern in Menotomy (Arlington) to the effect that eight or nine officers of the King's troops had been seen going toward Lexington, and it was supposed they were out upon some evil design. On the receipt of these warnings, Sergeant William Munroe of the Lexington Minute Men posted a guard of eight men round the parsonage. An hour or so later the mounted officers rode through the village without attempting to seize Hancock, and took the Bay Road to Lincoln. This excursion caused the Minute Men to take precautionary measures. Three of the company, Elijah Sanderson, Solomon Brown, and Jonathan Loring, who volunteered to act as scouts, started off on horseback somewhat after nine o'clock to follow the officers and ascertain their object.

These three yeomen had proceeded cautiously almost as far as Folly Pond, when suddenly they came upon the officers paraded across the road. Seized at the point of the pistol, they were forced to dismount, and were then led into a pasture on the right through an opening in the stone wall, where the officers had taken down a pair of bars. They were kept separately, examined by many questions about the magazine at Concord, the guards, and the bridges, which they tried to evade, and were detained here four hours.* At length, a little before two o'clock, the whole

*See their Deposition, page 39.

From a drawing made in 1827 *Courtesy of Mrs. Susan Viles MacCoy*

THE BULL, LATER THE VILES, TAVERN

This stood on the edge of Lexington near the Lincoln line. From 1820 to 1850 it was kept by Joel Viles, son of Corporal Joel Viles of the Lexington Minute Men.

Photo taken in 1930

THE SAMUEL HARTWELL HOUSE

Now called the Hartwell Farm, owned by Miss Marion Fitch and Miss Jane Poor.

party, captors and prisoners, heard the low thud of hoof-beats far down the road toward Lexington. Immediately two officers stationed themselves in the road at the opening in the wall; the others with their prisoners withdrew to a thicket in the pasture. All, waiting apprehensively, listened to the steady thump, thump of the hoofs.

None of those who kept vigil this night out in the spectral sheen and ominous black shadow of the field imagined what was taking place meanwhile at Lexington. There, clattering up the Menotomy road in the stillness of midnight and wheeling round the Green, dashed a fleet steed and an intrepid rider. Arriving at the parsonage, the rider leaped to the ground with a shout for admittance. Sergeant Munroe, stationed at the front door, refused to let him pass, saying that the family had retired and had requested that they might not be disturbed by any noise about the house.

HOUSE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM SMITH

Where Mary Hartwell took the alarm on the night of April 18th.

SMOKE OVEN FOR SMOKING HAMS

Built inside the chimney of the Samuel Hartwell House.

From a photo owned by Miss Fitch and Miss Poor

MARY HARTWELL'S KITCHEN

Where she cooked breakfast for her husband early on the morning of the 19th.

"Noise!" cried the stranger. "You'll have *noise* enough before long. The Regulars are coming out!"

A window opened, and Hancock, who had recognized the voice, exclaimed, "Come in, Revere! We are not afraid of *you*."

Then Paul Revere entered the house and delivered his message: "Mr. Hancock, I have come from Dr. Joseph Warren in Boston. To-night about ten o'clock he sent in great haste for me, and begged that I would immediately set off for Lexington, and inform Mr. Adams and you that this evening it was observed that a number of soldiers, composed of light troops and grenadiers, were marching towards the bottom of the Common, where was a number of boats to receive them. Dr. Warren supposed that they were going to Lexington by the way of Cambridge River, to take you, sir, and Mr. Adams, or go to Concord to destroy the Colony stores. When I got to Dr. Warren's house, I found he had sent an express by land to Lexington—Mr. William Dawes.

"When I came up here Sunday, sir, the day before yesterday, with the message that the grenadiers and light infantry were all taken off duty and the boats belonging to the transports were all launched and under the sterns of the men-of-war, I returned at

From a portrait owned by the Bostonian Society

MAJOR WILLIAM DAWES, JR.

Dawes, who carried the alarm on the night of April 18th over a different and longer route than Revere, later fought at Bunker Hill and was appointed Commissary at Worcester. The artist of the original painting is unknown.

night through Charlestown. There I agreed with Colonel Conant that if the British went out by water, we would show two lanthorns in the North Church steeple; and if by land, one as a signal. To-night, when I left Dr. Warren, I called upon a friend, and desired him to make the signals. I then went home, took my boots and surtout, and went to the north part of the town, where I kept a boat; two friends rowed me across Charles River, and landed me on the Charlestown side. I got a horse of Deacon Larkin. While the horse was preparing, Mr. Richard Devens of the Committee of Safety, told me that, as he came down from Lexington after sundown this evening, he met ten British officers, all well mounted and armed, going up the road. I set off upon a very good horse; it was then about eleven o'clock. After I had passed Charlestown Neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two officers on horseback under a tree. I was near enough to see their holsters and cockades. One of them started his horse towards me, the other up the road to head me should I escape the first. I turned my horse short about, and rid upon a full gallop for the Medford road. He followed me about three hundred yards, and finding he could not catch me, returned. I went through Medford, over the bridge, and up to Menotomy. In Medford I awaked the Captain of the Minute Men; and after that, I alarmed almost every house till I got here."*

At the end of half an hour, during which the Lexington Minute Men were assembled on the Green under Captain John Parker, the other messenger, William Dawes, Jr., arrived at the parsonage. He had been sent by way of Boston Neck through Roxbury, Brookline and Cambridge, a route four miles longer than Revere's. After refreshing themselves, both set off together for Concord.

And, as they rode, Romance rode with them, for the Little Archer was very active that night. Indeed, Love was on the scene before Mars. The reason that the alarm reached Concord and Lincoln safely, and hence that General Gage's expedition failed, was because two young men were calling on their sweethearts that night and stayed very late! April and moonlight lay

*Based on Revere's two Narratives of his ride, one a deposition made about 1775, the other a Letter to Dr. Belknap, twenty years later. The Letter is reproduced in facsimile in *Paul Revere's Own Story*, Harriet E. O'Brien. Boston: Perry Walton, 1929. Both accounts are printed in E. H. Goss's *Life of Colonel Paul Revere*. Boston: 1891.

all around them, and it was between one and two o'clock before they came to the farewell embrace. They little imagined that their love-making was entwined with the fate of the nation.

Young Dr. Samuel Prescott, of Concord, had been spending the evening with his sweetheart, Miss Mulliken, in Lexington. Somewhat after one o'clock he kissed her good-night, leaped into his saddle, started on his six-mile journey home, and rode straight into History. He soon overtook Revere and Dawes, who found him to be "a high Son of Liberty." Revere told them of the patrol of British officers that Devens had seen, and expressed the fear that they themselves might be stopped before reaching Concord. He suggested that they had better alarm the inhabitants on the way. Dr. Prescott approved of this and offered to stop with either of them, for the people between Lexington and Concord knew him and would give the more credit to what they said. Thus they proceeded until they came to the Bull Tavern. Either here or at a house just beyond, near the Lexington-Lincoln line, Dawes and Prescott galloped into the dooryard and knocked at the door. Candlelight gleamed in the windows. And now, by the happy whim of fate, one young lover aroused the other. Prescott must have laughed when he found Nathaniel Baker still courting at this hour. Baker, a Minute Man who lived miles away on the Baker Farm in South Lincoln, had come up to see Elizabeth Taylor, a Concord lass who was staying at this house. The leave-taking was rapid and ardent, and he rushed to the field of honor. Nathaniel Baker roused the Lincoln Minute Men whose houses he passed on his way home and gave the alarm to his father and four brothers and brother-in-law, all of whom were at the Battle of Concord Bridge next morning.*

Dawes and Prescott speeded on to catch up with Revere, who now had a lead of some two hundred yards. As Revere was approaching the vicinity of Folly Pond, he suddenly saw the forms of two officers looming up before him in the moonlight as they waited under a tree.

"Here are two of them!" he shouted back to his companions, thinking that the three might capture them. At the same moment,

*See the Deposition of Amos Baker, page 33. Nathaniel Baker married Elizabeth Taylor in February, 1776.

From "Historic Mansions and Highways," by S. A. Drake, 1899

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

WHERE PAUL REVERE'S RIDE ENDED

It was in this pasture that Paul Revere was captured by six British officers.

two more officers came through the bars from the pasture on the right, and all four spurred up to him with their pistols in their hands, and cried, "God damn you, stop! If you go an inch further, you are a dead man!" The trap was sprung.

At sight of the officers, Dawes turned rein and escaped down the road, pursued by two of the King's men. Prescott, being foremost, galloped up to Revere, used the butt end of his whip as a weapon, and they both attempted to push through. But the officers, armed with pistols and swords, forced them through the bars into the pasture.

"Put on!" cried Prescott to Revere; and, turning suddenly to the left, jumped his horse over a stone wall, and made off down a rough farmway leading into the ravine near the swamp. Revere, unfortunately, took to the right, in the direction of a wood at the bottom of the pasture, intending, when he gained it, to jump his horse and run afoot. Just as he reached it, out started six officers, who had been guarding the three captured Lexington men, seized his bridle, put their pistols to his breast, and made him dismount. It was nearly two o'clock. Dr. Warren's trusty messengers had been stopped, and the midnight rides of Paul Revere and William Dawes had come to an end.

Meanwhile, Dawes made good his escape by a clever trick. Seeing that he was hotly pursued, he galloped furiously to a farmhouse, slapping his leather breeches and shouting for assistance: "Halloo, my boys! I've got two of 'em." He checked his horse so abruptly that he was thrown to the ground and his watch was hurled from his pocket. The pursuing officers, fearing an ambush, wheeled about and returned to the pasture. When Dawes picked himself up, he found that he was quite alone, for the house at the moment was entirely empty. He did not stop to hunt for his watch, but some days afterwards he found it there in safekeeping.*

Revere was now examined by his captors, one of whom seemed much of a gentleman.

"Where did you come from?" asked this officer courteously.

"From Boston," replied Revere, and the officer seemed surprised.

*This incident was told by him to his daughter. See H. W. Holland's *William Dawes and His Ride with Paul Revere*, pages 35, 37. Boston: 1878.

"Sir, may I crave your name?"

"My name is Revere."

"What! Paul Revere?"

"Yes."

The others began abusing Revere, calling him "rebel," but the courteous officer said: "Do not be afraid. No one shall hurt you."

During this conversation, the horsemen who had given chase to Dr. Samuel Prescott returned from the direction of the swamp. Revere saw at once that their horses were daubed with mire and that they had no prisoner. Prescott had escaped and would give the alarm at Concord. Now Revere was triumphant.

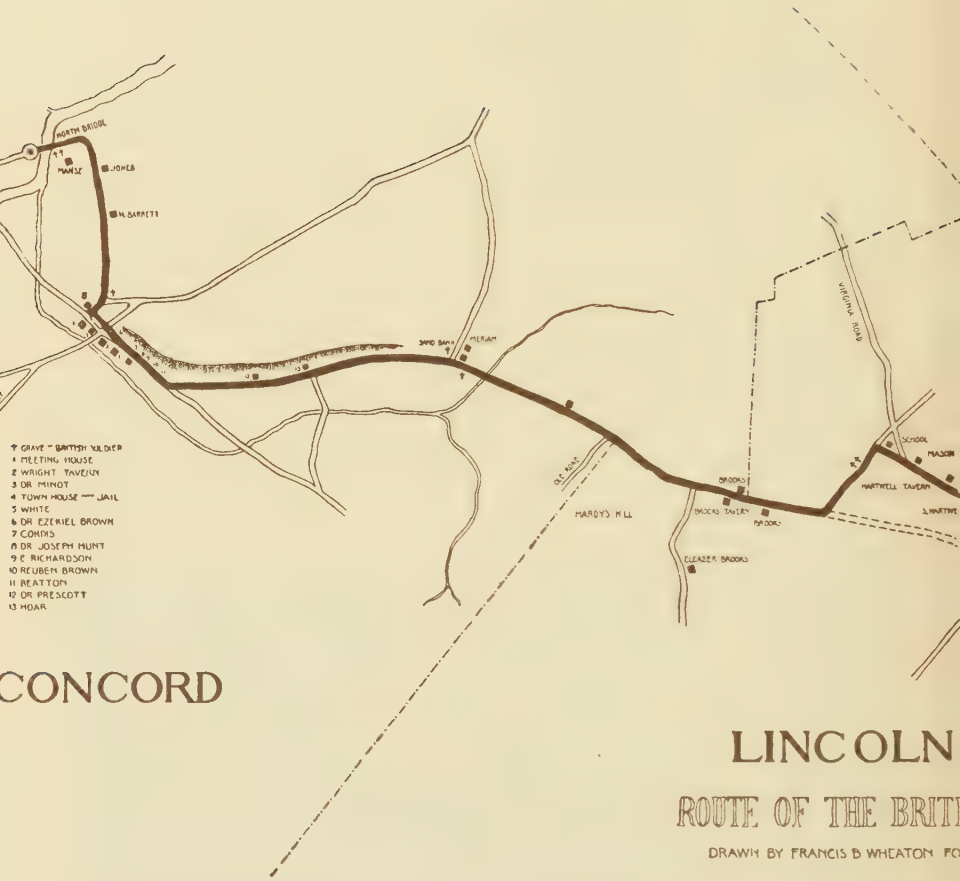
"Gentlemen, you will miss your aim!"

"No, we shall not," replied the officer. "We are only waiting for some deserters we expect down the road."

From a photo by George A. Nelson

THE JOSIAH NELSON HOUSE

In front of this house the first blood of the Revolution was shed. Burned 1908.



"Sir, I know better," Revere answered, and he went on energetically: "I know what you are after. I have alarmed the country all the way up. Your troops, sir, catched aground in passing the river. If I had not been certain that the people to the distance of fifty miles into the country had been notified of your movements, I would have risked one shot, before you should have taken me! I shall have five hundred Americans here soon."

"Sir, we have fifteen hundred men coming," retorted the officer, and he rode off to the highway to bring the horsemen, who were still posted there. They came down on a full gallop. One of them, whom Revere later learned was Major Mitchel of the 5th

Regiment, clapped his pistol to Revere's head and cried, "I'm a-going to ask you some questions, and, if you do not tell the truth, I will blow your brains out!"

Revere answered calmly: "I esteem myself a man of truth. You have stopped me on the highway and made me a prisoner, I know not by what right. I will tell you the truth. I am not afraid."

Accordingly the Major put to him almost the same questions the other officer had, and Revere gave much the same answers. Disturbed at the information he received, the Major ordered all the prisoners to mount. When Revere had mounted, the Major took

the reins out of his hand, saying, "By God, sir, you are not to ride with reins, I assure you!" and gave them to an officer to lead him.

When they reached the road, the officers formed a circle round the three Lexington men—Solomon Brown, Jonathan Loring, Elijah Sanderson—and a peddler who had also been detained. The Major ordered Revere to be led in front.

"We are now going towards your friends," he said. "If you attempt to run, or we are insulted, we will blow your brains out."*

Then the whole troop set off towards Lexington at a quick pace. They soon came to the farmhouse of Josiah Nelson, which stood a few rods north of the road. The thudding of so many hoofs awakened the sleeping farmer. He had been appointed a Minute Man to keep watch and carry the alarm to Bedford in case the British marched for Concord. His wife, hearing the voices of persons and thinking that they were neighboring farmers going to market in the early hours of morning, as was the custom, told him he had better inquire if they had heard anything of the British. He arose, slipped on his breeches and hurried out without shoes or hat. He ran in among the horsemen before he looked up to make sure who they were, and called out, "Have you heard anything about when the Regulars are coming out?"

One of the officers drew his sword, and crying, "We will let you know when they are coming!" struck him on the crown of his head, cutting a long gash. As Nelson sprang back, the warm blood trickled over his face and dripped to the ground. It was the first blood shed in the Revolution. This blood was to be dearly paid for on this very spot the next day.

"You are our prisoner and must come along with us," cried the Major, and he ordered Nelson to walk between the horsemen. When they were a short distance below the Hastings house, Nelson complained that he could not walk as fast as they rode, for he was lame. The officers replied that they could not ride as slowly as he walked, for they were in a hurry. Consequently, Major Mitchel left him in charge of three Tories, who had been acting as guides of the party. Nelson found that they were men of his acquaint-

*The conversation between Revere and his captors is not fiction, but fact, being taken verbatim from Revere's own account of the episode.

TABLET MARKING THE PLACE WHERE PAUL REVERE WAS CAPTURED
Dr. Prescott escaped over the wall on the left and down the ravine.

ance. They decided to let him go home, but gave him this warning:

"Go back to your house and stay there and don't light a light. If you give any alarm or light a light, we will burn your house over your head!"

Once under his roof again, Josiah Nelson lighted a candle and had his wound dressed by his wife. When the retreating hoof-beats were lost in distance, he set lighted candles in the windows. Then, loading his horse pistols and saddling the mare, he followed after the troop down the Lexington road. He took a turn to the left and sped on the back road to Bedford, where he gave the

alarm, as he was appointed to do, in all the south part of that town.*

The cavalcade was now far beyond the bounds of Lincoln. One more adventure and the troop was parted forever. When within half a mile of Lexington Green, they heard a gun fired and the clangor of bells.

"The bell's a-ringing, the town's alarmed, and you're all dead men," shouted Loring to the officers. They were dismayed. The Major ordered the three Lexington men and the peddler to dismount and go about their business, and had the bridles and saddles cut off their horses. A short distance further, the Major gave Revere's horse to a sergeant, released Revere, and galloped with his party down the road toward Cambridge. The three Lexington Minute Men joined their Company on the Green. Revere went to the parsonage and accompanied Hancock and Adams to a place of safety in Burlington. He returned in time to witness the Battle of Lexington at five o'clock.

Well might Revere have rejoiced at the escape of young Dr. Prescott, for long before he himself had been released the alarm had been spread through Lincoln and Concord. Prescott, after eluding the officers in the swamp, circled northward through the thicket and then westward until he emerged in the fields behind Samuel Hartwell's house. He cautiously rode up to the back of the house and knocked loudly on the kitchen door. Sergeant Hartwell, Mary, his young wife, the children, and Sukey, the slave-girl, were all awakened. Prescott eagerly delivered his message about the march of the Regulars, told them of his escape from the patrol, and urged them to speed the news to Captain Smith of the Lincoln Minute Men. He then came out on the road, and dashed off round the sharp angles on the hillside, down the long straight slope to the smooth meadows, and so to Concord Village. At once the bell was set a-ringing. Had ever lover coming home from courting made such a momentous ride?†

*The story of Josiah Nelson is the tradition handed down to his grandson, George Nelson. Josiah Nelson was in service at Cambridge, 1775, at Ticonderoga, 1776, and at Saratoga, 1777. See also "The Nelson House" by Lucy C. Small in the *Lexington Times–Minute-Man*, 11 April, 1930.

†Dr. Samuel Prescott was in service at Ticonderoga in 1776. He was taken prisoner on board a privateer afterwards, and carried to Halifax, where he died in jail.

All was bustle in the Hartwell household. Samuel was hated by the Tories for his activities in the cause of liberty. Not only was he first sergeant of the Minute Men, but, being a locksmith and gunsmith, he had repaired during the spring many arms for his compatriots. He at once began to get ready, to collect his equipment, to feed the horse and prepare it for saddling. The two little girls, Polly, aged four, and Sally, two, were crying in their fright. Mary,* holding her five-months'-old baby in her arms, told Sukey to run down the road to Captain Smith's, the next house eastward, and notify him that the British were coming. But Sukey, remembering the grim procession of horsemen she had seen in the evening, was terrified. She rolled her eyes, cried out that the British would catch her and kill her, and refused to leave the house. Then,

KITCHEN DOOR WHERE PRESCOTT KNOCKED

Prescott, after eluding the British officers, cautiously made his way to Samuel Hartwell's house, where, after awakening the family by loud knocking, he urged that they spread the alarm to Captain Smith of the Lincoln Minute Men, who lived in the next house eastward.

*The story of Mary Hartwell is her own account, told to her grandsons, Jonas and Samuel Hartwell, and her granddaughter, Mary A. Hartwell Rogers, and told in turn to the present writer by Jonas and Samuel Hartwell. Mary was the daughter of Ephraim and Ruth Flint. She was born 2 April, 1748, married Samuel Hartwell 12 September, 1769, and died 21 July, 1846, aged 98. She was 27 at the time of these events. Sergeant Samuel Hartwell was born 25 June, 1742, and died 12 August, 1829, aged 87. He served as Quartermaster in the Regiment of Colonel Eleazer Brooks, Middlesex militia, at the Battle of White Plains, October–November, 1776. He was fifth in descent from William Hartwell, one of the early settlers of Concord in 1636.

Mary, the courage of her pioneer ancestors kindling within her, said: "If you will take care of my baby, Sukey, I will go and rouse the Captain. I'll be back to get the breakfast ready." She put the baby in Sukey's arms, and, throwing on a cloak, stepped out into the dews of night. Leaving the dark shadow of the elm trees in front of the house, she resolutely made her way along the road under the white lustre of the moon, and turned up the lane leading to the Captain's house on a knoll. When at last she knocked at the door and gave him the message, she felt a thrill of pride that she, a woman, had succeeded in carrying the alarm which was sweeping throughout Middlesex. She returned from her mission safely, and prepared breakfast for her husband at the great fireplace in the kitchen. As he rode off with musket and powderhorn to join his company, she bade him a loving God-speed.

FRONT DOOR OF THE SAMUEL HARTWELL HOUSE

From this doorway Mary Hartwell watched the King's troops on their march to Concord. The photograph from which this reproduction was made is the property of Miss Fitch and Miss Poor, the present owners of the Hartwell Farm.

Captain William Smith mounted his horse and made haste to Lincoln Center, two miles to the south. The bell was rung in the Meeting House. Lieutenant Samuel Farrar was on his way to mill in early dawn when he heard

the news. Throwing his saddlebags containing the grist over a wall, he made haste to rally his men.* The two Lincoln companies were assembled—the Minute Men and the Militia—and both pushed on to Concord, where they arrived at four o'clock, the first companies to reach Concord from the neighboring towns.

DAWN

The sunshine over the dewy fields on the morning of the Nineteenth of April was refreshingly warm to the country folk after the night of mystery and terror. Like many other women this morning, Mary Hartwell did the chores at the barn, milked the cows, and turned the cattle loose. While she was still busy in the house caring for the children, she heard the steady, rumbling tramp of the Regulars† coming nearer. Going to her front door, she saw far down on the road to the eastward a brilliant red line winding between green fields. As it advanced, she could distinguish one by one the details of gorgeousness—white leggings, scarlet coats, the high, pointed caps of the grenadiers. Years afterwards she used to say: "The army of the King marched up in fine order, and their bayonets glistened in the sunlight like a field of waving grain. If it hadn't been for the purpose they came for, I should say it was the handsomest sight I ever saw in my life!"

She stood in the doorway and watched the grenadiers swing by. Their powdered wigs, bosom-pins and gold chains told her plainly, if their proud step and gay carriage had not already, that the soldiers thought themselves on a holiday excursion into the country. She could not help admiring the gallant spectacle; but, while her woman's eye was charmed by the pageant, her woman's heart prayed for her own homespun-clad folk at Concord.

After the column had passed from sight, she prepared to leave the house, fearful of what might happen during the day. Sukey

*His wife, Mary Hoar Farrar, let loose the cattle, and taking her most valued possessions—her baby, the large family Bible, a looking-glass, and the silverware—sought shelter in Oaky Bottom, a piece of forest land half a mile in the rear of the Farrar homestead in South Lincoln.

†The force amounted to about 700 men, consisting of the grenadier and light infantry companies detached from several regiments under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith of the 10th Regiment.

THE BLOODY ANGLE

So called because eight British soldiers were killed near this spot.

had already disappeared. On the approach of the troops she had fled through the fields behind the house and taken refuge deep in the woods. She was not seen that day or that night, and did not return until the next day. Where she went and what she did and what she suffered during that night, history has not recorded! Mary Hartwell decided to take her children and spend the day and night at the house of her father, Ephraim Flint, near Lincoln Center. She hitched a horse into a cart, and with little Polly and Sally and Lucy, the babe in arms, drove away. As she looked back, she saw her forsaken homestead under the dooryard elms.

AFTERNOON

A rattle of musketry crashed over the hills of Lincoln. Up the long slope from the Concord meadows rolled puff after puff of smoke and cloud after cloud of dust, in the midst of which a scarlet mass heaved and lumbered. The Chevy Chase of Middlesex had begun. At Meriam's Corner the embattled farmers who had fought at Concord Bridge (the Concord, Acton, Lincoln, and Bedford companies) were reinforced by Minute Men from Sudbury, Reading and Billerica. Soon the companies from Framingham and Woburn appeared. From the rear and from both sides, the provincials poured a constant fire into the retiring column.

Eastward from the Brooks Tavern the road climbed a steep ascent, and, turning sharply to the north, cut a narrow way through a dense forest growth. This angle was the scene of the hardest fighting of the day. By racing across the fields, large numbers of Minute Men were in position here to greet the Regulars with a raking fire. Eight British soldiers were killed at this Bloody Angle and many wounded. One of the slain, a young officer, lay in the dust the whole afternoon, his head pillowed on the broad black ribbons of his queue, and his ruffled shirt gleaming in the sunlight. In this vicinity three Americans lost their lives, Captain Jonathan Willson of the Bedford company, Nathaniel Wyman of Billerica, and Daniel Thompson of Woburn. The

ANOTHER ANGLE IN THE BATTLE ROAD
Casualties occurred all along this road, so peaceful today.

British sent out the light infantry in flanking parties, moving parallel to the main column, in order to take the Minute Men in the rear and drive them from the shelter of stone walls. Staggering ahead with broken ranks and no pretense to military order, the Regulars fought their way through, and, turning another abrupt angle to the east, soon came to the open fields of the Hartwell Farm.

A few rods beyond the Hartwell Tavern another grenadier fell, on the green grass before a pair of bars. As the troops passed the house of Sergeant Samuel Hartwell, they fired several shots into it. One soldier stuck his broken musket* into a window. Near Captain Smith's house another grenadier was shot. His

*Sergeant Hartwell afterwards mended it and long used it in hunting. For many years it was in the possession of the Hartwell family.

companions, seeing that his wound was mortal, left him by the roadside.*

Just east of the pasture where Paul Revere had been captured lay two fields on the northerly side of the road. The first was meadowy and scarred with trenches and rough mounds of grass; the second was strewn with huge bowlders. Hiding in a hole in the first field, William Thorning, one of the Lincoln Minute Men, fired at the Regulars in the road. Their bullets cut up the ground about him. He began to run for the woods behind him, but met a flanking party which had been marching a hundred feet in his rear. They fired but did not hit him. Immediately he dropped

*This soldier was later carried into Captain Smith's house, and his wounds were dressed. Here he lingered alive three or four days. During this time he felt that he caused the Smiths so much trouble, and he was suffering with such pain, that he begged them again and again to despatch him. Finally, when dying, he told the maid that she would find a gold sovereign sewed in the lining of his coat. She could not find it, but he reiterated with his last words that it was there. After he was dead, Mrs. Smith herself found it. He is buried in a field on the southerly side of the road a little west of Folly Pond.

PAIR OF BARS BEFORE WHICH A BRITISH SOLDIER WAS KILLED
This spot is between the two Hartwell houses.

THE BLUFF WHERE THE BRITISH RALLIED

They were soon forced to abandon this position and continued their retreat in confusion to Lexington.

down into one of the shallow trenches and lay quiet until the flanking party had passed. When the cross fire ceased, he ran quickly into the rocky field, and took his stand behind the jutting corner of a huge bowlder, which amply protected his body. Levelling his musket on the top of the rock, he fired several shots and killed two soldiers. They were buried on a knoll in the orchard across the road, southeast of the Nelson house.

Only a short distance farther and the chase swept out of Lincoln. When the famished soldiers came to the Bull Tavern, they ransacked the bar and devoured what food they could find. At the rocky bluff just beyond the tavern, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and his officers attempted to rally their men. They held this position a short time only, and then continued the retreat in confusion to Lexington, where they were met by Earl Percy's brigade, which had marched to their relief.

Many Lincoln men took daring risks and had narrow escapes this day, but none were killed. In the course of the afternoon, Daniel Child, who knew Earl Percy by sight, aimed at him. He was just about to fire when he perceived that he, too, was caught between a flanking party and the main body. They were so near each other that the cross fire set up wounded their own men. Accordingly, both bodies of troops stopped firing, while Child ran along to the end of the line unharmed. When once he was beyond the line, the British fired. He dropped—rose, ran, and dropped again. He heard the bullets whizzing about him. After a series of drops and runs, he finally gained the shelter of a rock, as he afterwards said, "verily holding my breath in my hands."*

*For a full account of the Battles of Lexington and Concord (which does not deal in detail with events in Lincoln) see Allen French's *The Day of Concord and Lexington*, Boston, 1925.

MORNING

The morning after the battle, Mary Hartwell drove back home to care for the stock. The house was still safe under the dooryard elms. With fast-beating heart and anxious eyes she entered room after room. Except for shattered windows and a few bullet holes, she saw no marks of violation of the home she loved.

Meanwhile, Ephraim Hartwell, the keeper of the Tavern, and another elderly man came climbing up the crooked road beside a yoke of oxen and a cart to care for the King's dead. One by one they found the stiff figures by the wayside. They lifted into the cart five bodies in all, among them the young officer of the queue ribbons and ruffles; then guided the oxen down the road to Lincoln Center.

When Mary Hartwell set out to return to her father's home with her horse and cart, she, too, turned down this road and saw in front of her the old man and the solemn load. The road was narrow and she did not attempt to pass the ox-cart. The contrast swept through her mind—the resplendent pageant at sunrise yesterday, the sombre journey today. She thought of the wives and sweethearts far over the sea in Old England. And, as the rude hearse creaked slowly on, she followed it reverently—the first mourner (as she used afterwards to say), the only mourner, of the fallen enemy.

When the old men reached Lincoln Center, they led the way down the road which went to the Flint Homestead and on past that house to the ancient burying ground which lay in the fields beyond. There, on a little knoll somewhat apart from where many founders of the town were sleeping, they spaded out a square grave, and into this they lowered the five soldiers of King George.

Travelers over the Battle Road today who pause to read the tablet commemorating the capture of Paul Revere in Lincoln, about two and a half miles beyond Lexington Common, learn that:

AT THIS POINT,
ON THE OLD CONCORD ROAD AS IT THEN WAS,
ENDED THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF
PAUL REVERE.

HE HAD, AT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK OF THE MORNING OF APRIL 19, 1775, THE NIGHT BEING CLEAR AND THE MOON IN ITS THIRD QUARTER, GOT THUS FAR ON THE WAY FROM LEXINGTON TO CONCORD, ALARMING THE INHABITANTS AS HE WENT, WHEN HE AND HIS COMPANIONS, WILLIAM DAWES, OF BOSTON, AND DR. SAMUEL PRESCOTT, OF CONCORD, WERE SUDDENLY HALTED BY A BRITISH PATROL, WHO HAD STATIONED THEMSELVES AT THIS BEND OF THE ROAD. DAWES, TURNING BACK, MADE HIS ESCAPE. PRESCOTT, CLEARING THE STONE WALL, AND FOLLOWING A PATH KNOWN TO HIM THROUGH THE LOW GROUND, REGAINED THE HIGHWAY AT A POINT FURTHER ON, AND GAVE THE ALARM AT CONCORD. REVERE TRIED TO REACH THE NEIGHBORING WOOD, BUT WAS INTERCEPTED BY A PARTY OF OFFICERS ACCOMPANYING THE PATROL, DETAINED AND KEPT IN ARREST. PRESENTLY HE WAS CARRIED BY THE PATROL BACK TO LEXINGTON, THERE RELEASED, AND THAT MORNING JOINED HANCOCK AND ADAMS.

THREE MEN OF LEXINGTON, SANDERSON, BROWN AND LORING, STOPPED AT AN EARLIER HOUR OF THE NIGHT BY THE SAME PATROL, WERE ALSO TAKEN BACK WITH REVERE.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM SMITH'S COMPANY

A List of a Company of Minute Men, under the Command of Capt. William Smith in Col. Abijah Pierce's Regt. who entered

the Service April ye 19th 1775.—*Lexington Alarms, XIII, 97* (Massachusetts Archives).

Captain William Smith	Abra Peirce
Lieutenant Samuel Farrar	Artemas Reed
Second Lieutenant Samuel Hoar	Jesse Smith
Sergeant Saml Hartwell	Nathan Tidd
Sergeant David Fisk	Willm Thorning
Sergeant John Hartwell	Solomon Whitney
Sergeant Jonas Mason	Jonathan Gage
Corporal Abijah Mead	Isaac Gage
Corporal Elijah Willington	John Parks
Corporal Ebenezer Brown	Ebenezer Parks
Corporal Joseph Abbot	Jonas Parks
Fifer Joseph Mason	Aaron Parks
Fifer Elijah Mason	Nathan Billings
Drummer Danl Brown	Timothy Billings
Nehemiah Abbot	Nathl. Baker
Daniel Child	James Baker
Abel Adams	Nathan Brown, Jr.
Daniel Hosmer	Saml Dakin, Jr.
Abijah Munroe	Humphry Farrar
Joseph Peirce	James Parks
John Wesson, Junr.	Jona. Smith
Enos Wheeler	Daniel Harrington
Jacob Baker, Jr.	Isaac Hartwell
John Garfield	Gregory Stone, Jr.
Joel Adams	John Thorning
Joshua Brooks, Jr.	John Wesson
Benja. Brooks	Joseph Wheet
Thomas Blodget	Danl Billings
Joshua Child, Junr.	William Parks
Jacob Foster	Willard Parks
Nathl. Gove	Willm. Hosmer

There is no record of the members of the Militia Company on this occasion.

Among other Lincoln men who were in arms on April 19th are:

Col. Eleazer Brooks	John Whitehead
Col. Abijah Pierce	John Adams
Abraham Garfield	Benjamin Munroe
Amos Baker	Isaac Parker
Jacob Baker, Senior	John Hoar
Samuel Baker	Isaac Parks
Noah Parkhurst	Gregory Stone

THE MINUTE MAN'S BOWLDER IN THE NELSON FIELD

Over the right end of this rock William Thorning shot two British soldiers in the road beyond the wall.

APPENDIX

AMOS BAKER'S STORY

The affidavit of Amos Baker, of Lincoln, given April 22d, 1850; he being the sole survivor of the men who were present at the North Bridge, at Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, and the only man living who bore arms that day. He was present at the celebration at Concord, April 19th, 1850, aged 94 years and 11 days.

I, AMOS BAKER,* of Lincoln, in the county of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on oath depose and say:

*Printed as Appendix to *An Oration Delivered at Concord on the Celebration of the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Events of April 19, 1775*, by Robert Rantoul, Jr. Boston: 1850.

FIELD OF BOWLDERS WEST OF THE NELSON HOUSE LOOKING EAST

The Minute Man's Bowlder is on the right.

That I was ninety-four years old on the 8th day of April, 1850. I was at Concord Fight, on the 19th day of April, 1775, and was then nineteen years and eleven days old. My brother Nathaniel, who was then paying his addresses to the girl whom he afterwards married, was at the house where she was staying near the line between Lexington and Lincoln, and received the alarm there, from Dr. Samuel Prescott, and came over and gave it to me. My father and my four brothers, Jacob, Nathaniel, James and Samuel, and my brother-in-law, Daniel Hosmer, were in arms at the North Bridge. After the fight at the bridge, I saw nothing more of them, and did not know whether they were alive or dead, until I found two of my brothers engaged in the pursuit near Lexington meeting-house. Nathaniel followed the enemy to Charlestown.

When I went to Concord in the morning, I joined the Lincoln company at the brook, by Flint's pond, near the house then of Zachary Smith, and now of Jonas Smith. I loaded my gun there with two balls, ounce balls, and powder accordingly.

I saw the British troops coming up the road that leads on to the common at Concord; the sun shone very bright on their bayonets and guns.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES

On the knoll in the orchard opposite the old Nelson House lie buried the two British soldiers shot by William Thorning, one of the Lincoln Minute Men.

Abijah Pierce, of Lincoln, the colonel of the minute-men, went up armed with nothing but a cane.

When we were going to march down to the Bridge, it was mentioned between Major Buttrick and Captain Isaac Davis, that the minute-men had better be put in front, because they were the only men that had bayonets, and it was not certain whether the British would fire, or whether they would charge bayonets without firing. I do not remember which of them said it, but both agreed to it; and Captain Davis's company of minute-men was then brought up on the right. Then they saw the smoke of the town-house, and I think Major Buttrick said, "Will you stand here and see them burn the town down?" And the order was given to march, and we all marched down without any further order or arrangement.

The British had got up two of the planks to the bridge. It is a mercy that they fired on us at the bridge, for we were going to march into the town, and the British could load and fire three times to our once, because we had only powder-horns, and no cartridge-boxes, and it would have been presumptuous. I understood that Colonel Abijah

Pierce got the gun* of one of the British soldiers who was killed at the bridge, and armed himself with it. There were two British soldiers killed at the bridge. I saw them when I went over the bridge, lying close together, side by side, dead.

Joshua Brooks, of Lincoln, was at the bridge, and was struck with a ball that cut through his hat, and drew blood on his forehead, and it looked as if it was cut with a knife—and we concluded they were firing jackknives.

When we had fired at the bridge, and killed the British, Noah Parkhurst, of Lincoln, who was my right-hand man, said—"Now the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end." Before the fighting begun, when we were on the hill, James Nichols, of Lincoln, who was an Englishman, and a droll fellow, and a fine singer, said, "If any of you will hold my gun, I will go down and talk to them." Some of them held his gun, and he went down alone to the British soldiers at the bridge and talked to them some time. Then he came back and took his gun and said he was going home, and went off before the fighting. Afterwards he enlisted to go to Dorchester and there deserted to the British, and I never heard of him again. I believe I was the only man from Lincoln that had a bayonet. My father got it in the time of the French war. I went into the house where Davis and Hosmer were carried after they fell, and saw their bodies. I supposed the house to be Major Buttrick's. When we marched down to the bridge, Major Buttrick marched first, and Captain Davis next to him. I did not see Colonel Robinson to know him.

THE GRAVE OF FIVE BRITISH SOLDIERS

In the ancient burying ground beyond the old Flint farm, now a part of the Lincoln Cemetery.

*This gun is now in the collection of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

I verily believe that I felt better that day, take it all the day through, than if I had staid at home.

AMOS BAKER. (*Seal.*)

We saw Amos Baker sign the above, after it was read to him.

E. R. HOAR,
JOSIAH BARTLETT,
JAS. BAKER.

COMMONWEALTH *of* MASSACHUSETTS
MIDDLESEX, ss. Lincoln, April 22d, 1850.

Personally appeared Amos Baker, the within-named deponent, known to me to be a man of good character and in the full possession of his mind and memory, and made the foregoing statement, which was reduced to writing by me in his presence, and it was afterwards carefully read to him, and he then subscribed it and made oath that the same is true.

Before me,
E. R. HOAR,
Justice of the Peace and Justice of the C. C. P.

THE LINCOLN MINUTE MEN TELL THEIR STORY*

LEXINGTON, April 23d, 1775.

We, JOHN HOAR, JOHN WHITEHEAD, ABRAHAM GARFIELD, BENJAMIN MUNROE, ISAAC PARKS, WILLIAM HOSMER, JOHN ADAMS, and GREGORY STONE, all of Lincoln, in the county of Middlesex, Massachusetts-Bay, all of lawful age, do testify and say, that on Wednesday last we were assembled at Concord, in the morning of said day, in consequence of information received, that a brigade of regular troops were on their march to the said town of Concord, who had killed six men at the town of Lexington: About an hour afterwards we saw them approaching, to the number, as we apprehended, of about twelve hundred, on which we retreated to a hill about eighty rods back, and the said troops then took possession of the hill where we were first posted; presently after this, we saw the troops moving towards the North Bridge about one mile from the said Concord meeting-house, we then immediately went before them and passed the bridge, just before a party of them, to the number of about two hundred, arrived: They there left about one half of their two hundred at the bridge, and proceeded with the rest towards Colonel Barret's, about two miles from the said bridge; we then, seeing several fires in the town, thought the houses in Concord were in danger,

**A Narrative of the Excursion and Ravages of the King's Troops under the Command of General Gage, on the nineteenth of April, 1775.* Together with the Depositions Taken by Order of Congress, to support the Truth of it. Published by Authority. Massachusetts-Bay: Worcester, Printed by Isaiah Thomas, by order of the Provincial Congress, 1775.

THE GRAVES OF SAMUEL, MARY AND LUCY HARTWELL
Lucy was the "babe in arms" in 1775.

and marched towards the said bridge, and the troops who were stationed there, observing our approach, marched back over the bridge, and then took up some of the plank; we then hastened our march towards the bridge, and when we had got near the bridge, they fired on our men, first, three guns one after the other, and then a considerable number more, and then and not before (having orders from our commanding officers not to fire till we were fired upon) we fired upon the regulars, and they retreated; on their retreat through this town and Lexington, to Charlestown, they ravaged and destroyed private property and burned three houses, one barn, and one shop.

John Hoar	Isaac Parks
John Whitehead	William Hosmer
Abraham Garfield	John Adams
Benjamin Munroe	Gregory Stone

Middlesex, ss. April 23d, 1775.

The within named *John Hoar*, *John Whitehead*, *Abraham Garfield*, *Benjamin Munroe*, *Isaac Parks*, *William Hosmer*, *John Adams* and

Gregory Stone appeared, and made oath solemnly to the truth of the above deposition. Before us,

William Read, John Cummings, Jonathan Hastings, Duncan Ingraham — *Justices of the Peace*

THE CAPTURE OF THE THREE LEXINGTON MINUTE MEN

Lexington, April 25th, 1775.

We, Solomon Brown, Jonathan Loring, and Elijah Sanderson, all of lawful age and of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex, and colony of the Massachusetts-Bay, in New England, do testify and declare, That on the evening of the eighteenth of April instant, being on the road between Lexington and Concord, and all of us mounted on horses, we were, about ten of the clock, suddenly surprised by nine persons whom we took to be regular officers, who rode up to us, mounted and armed, each holding a pistol in his hand, and after putting pistols to our breasts, and seizing the bridles of our horses, they swore that if we stirred another step we should be all dead men, upon which we surrendered ourselves, they detained us until two o'clock the next morning, in which time they searched and greatly abused us, having first enquired about the magazine at Concord, whether any guards were posted there and whether the bridges were up, and said four or five regiments of regulars would be in possession of the stores soon, they then brought us back to Lexington, cut the horses' bridles and girts, turned them loose, and then left us.

Solomon Brown
Jonathan Loring
Elijah Sanderson

Middlesex, ss. April 25th, 1775.

Jonathan Loring, Solomon Brown, and *Elijah Sanderson,* being duly cautioned to testify the whole truth, made solemn oath to the truth of the above deposition by them subscribed.

Quorum, William Read, Josiah Johnson, William Stickney — *Justices of the Peace*

Paul Revere's Pistol